

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 211. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1848.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE NAVIE.

NAVIGATOR, or rather its abridged form of navie, is a term of recent currency in our language, and well known to apply to one engaged in railway operations—ploughing the solid land in deeper and more lasting furrows than his neighbour Jack of the ocean does his mobile element. The term, as is well known, originated in the excavating of canals for inland navigation. Canals having had their day, the labourers so employed have been fortunate in finding more extensive and profitable scope for their industry in the making of railways. The essential basis of the class is English, much the larger proportion of the navigator body being draughted from Lincolnshire, the rural parts of Lancashire, and adjoining districts. Digging trenches in the fenny parts of Lincolnshire has always been a staple employment to this class of labourers; and this it probably was which originally adapted them for canal workings. The navie of this generic type possesses in a rude state those qualities and habits which give respectability to the English character. To a great degree of Danish or Saxon descent, and uncorrupted by social vices, the pure navie—taking him zoologically—is a fine animal. His large bones, great muscular energy, and love of good living, indicate his Teutonic origin, not less than his tractability, inclination for work, and downright honesty and spirit of independence. The navie of the right sort is no sham: he will give work for the money. Only treat him well, and keep him from drink, and his behaviour is unexceptionable. No human being will go through such a quantity of bodily labour with more cheerfulness.

The English navie has carried a knowledge of his craft into countries where the arts of digging and handling the spade were in their infancy. It may seem ridiculous to talk of there being 'an art' in shovelling earth into a barrow; but it is an art, and a very important one. It is quite English. The very spade is English, and so are the pickaxe and wheelbarrow. All over continental Europe, the instrument of digging is a clumsy species of adze, and that for lifting is a long pole with a small shovel at the end of it. The short shovel with a cross handle is English; the French and Germans know nothing of it, except as a new importation. With the short English spade or shovel, a navie will with ease lift, in a given space of time, six times the quantity of earth that a Frenchman will do with his long-poled instrument. He excels in the art of carrying as well as lifting. On several railway workings which we have seen on the continent, apparently under the charge of native contractors, the earth is filled into small cars or wagons, which are drawn by men or women with ropes across the soft and uneven surface of the ground. The toil and tediousness of this process are ex-

cessive; and the spectacle makes one melancholy. 'Can it be possible,' you say to yourself, 'that they don't know of the wheelbarrow?' This little vehicle, homely as it appears, is entitled to be associated with the most stupendous undertakings. Pushed along on a plank—another English invention—by a stout navie, it forms one of our most valuable machines. The great or wholesale carrying engine, however, of the navie, is the wagon on temporary rails. Of this expert mechanism the continentalists likewise knew nothing till they saw it introduced by English contractors; and after all, the car, dragged with difficulty by ropes, is still chiefly employed by them—a dozen men or women not doing the work of one horse!

The English navie, paradoxical as it may seem, is an important agent in the spread of civilisation: he carries the arts abroad, and practically expounds their operation. Now that he has shown the French the use of the pickaxe, the short shovel, the wheelbarrow and plank, and the wagon and temporary rail, we may reasonably expect that the knowledge of these improved instruments of labour will be extended over Europe. How curious! An illiterate peasant from the fens of Lincolnshire tells the learned of France and Germany things which alter the face and condition of kingdoms, and which they never heard of before! Philosophers who can discover planets, not having the ingenuity to invent a wheelbarrow! Countries affecting to stand at the head of science, yoking women in rope-harness to draw mud, and making them draw it too, in the most unscientific manner!

One thing is remarkable in the English navie—he has pitched his standard of living at a high point. He refuses to live on wishy-washy broth, or porridge, or potatoes; he must have bread, beef, bacon, beer, and coffee, all of the best kind. Uninstructed, like the English peasantry generally, he is apt to transgress the laws which govern the stomach, and suffers accordingly. In some places, whole bands of strong-bodied navies have become subject to a species of scurvy from living too long on one species of diet. The prevalent want of vegetables during the past year has perhaps contributed to aggravate this evil; and something is also due to the distance at which navies frequently are from markets. In many cases, the labour of railway digging is carried on several miles from any town or village, and it is therefore necessary for the contractors or their agents to establish temporary stores at which food can be purchased. These stores, usually called *tommy-shops*, have been the object of much unreasonable clamour. It is perhaps true that some storekeepers have done injustice as respects the prices and qualities of articles; but instances are more common of contractors losing money by their endeavours to supply the wants of their workmen. We have been assured that contractors

would rather have nothing to do with this kind of traffic; but necessity compels them to become shopkeepers. If they did not establish stores, the men would not engage with them: the navie will not go into a desert to be starved.

Another thing has excited not a little useless indignation. The contractors or their agents are accused of paying the navies by orders on the Tommy-shops for goods, instead of giving them a weekly money wage. This is no doubt an improper method of paying workmen: but *who* is to blame? The men, by their improvidence, are constantly in want; they absolutely depend for existence on the goods given to them on account; and it is notorious that if money, instead of money's worth, were paid daily, the money would be dissipated in drink, and there would be a continual saturnalia. The very reason why settlement is postponed till the end of a fortnight or month, instead of taking place every Saturday, is, that the great drinkings may be fewer, and that the work may not unnecessarily be interrupted. On a railway now in progress in Scotland, a large proportion of the navigator's earnings, we are told, is spent on whisky, which the English navies speak of as 'white beer,' and consume raw in tumblers. Riots and fights have consequently been of lamentable frequency; nevertheless, considering the vast numbers of men employed at a distance from seats of authority, it is matter for surprise that so little crime has been committed. The fact is explained only by the English navie not being radically defective in good principle: he is not revengeful, mean, or avaricious. What a national disgrace that so fine a type of man elementarily should have been reared in a state of intellectual darkness scarcely differing from that of the tribes of Central Africa!

Of late years, in consequence of the rapid extension of railway labour, vast numbers of Scotch and Irish, as well as of the ordinary English labouring class, have been drawn into the ranks of the navies. To all these the original navie has been a kind of model, both as to the art of his labour and his external habits and appearance. As might be expected in a community formed of such various materials, jealousies and animosities are common. The old wars between English and Scotch still linger among navies: the Irish are exposed to ill-usage from both. Let us first speak of the Lowland Scotch. These have been drawn miscellaneously from handloom weaving and other crafts, also from among ordinary out-door labourers and ploughmen; the temptation of high wages having induced many to desert their homes to *try the line*—some in order to save a little money, and others for the sake of gross indulgences. Both classes have attained their object: the well-behaved have bettered their circumstances; the bad gone greater lengths in bad habits, and become worse. It must be admitted, however, that the better class considerably preponderates.

The Lowland Scot, being three-fourths an Englishman, and already accustomed to regular labour, easily falls into the ranks of navieism; but the Highlander usually, from his long-ingrained habits of idleness, his love of talking and snuffing, and his ignorance of English, is at first more difficult to manage. Nothing stimulates him to face railway work but positive starvation, and sometimes not even that will drag him from his hovel. We have seen it stated that Highlanders have deserted their employment on Scotch lines in order to return home and live on charity. Whether this be true to any extent, it is certain that the High-

landers are more inclined to occasional than regular labour, and therefore they require a kind of drilling before they are fit to work in gangs. Navies, it will have been observed, work to each other's hands: the wheelbarrows are run along a succession of planks in so many lifts. One set of navies take each his barrow a certain length, and having set it down to be lifted by a second set, they bring back the empty barrows which are ready for them. Thus there is a row of goers with full, and a row of comers with empty barrows. Now, this method of operation, dictated by long experience, is irreconcilable with the Highlander's ordinary conceptions. He does not like to be kept going backwards and forwards all day long with one wheelbarrow before and another behind him. It is keeping up the thing too hotly. It affords no time for snuffing. Gossip is out of the question. On this account, railway labour is apt to prove distasteful, and would be gladly exchanged for something more leisurely. But the Highlander finds other reasons for dislike of his new profession. If he be ignorant of English, or possess only a limited knowledge of it, there is the greatest possible difficulty in making him understand that wages must be paid according to capability. Fresh from Skye, he can see no philosophy in paying him less than a true navie who is master of his craft. Accordingly, believing himself to be cheated, he goes off in a pet. The best thing that could be done for the Highlands would be to teach the people English; for until this is done, they must inevitably remain strangers to the thoughts and habits of modern society.

When at length fairly initiated into, and accustomed to, railway labour, the Highlanders make a respectable class of navies. With more self-respect than the Irish, they are invariably better dressed, and however poor, they are never seen in rags. On their arrival in the low country, their garments almost uniformly consist of a small blue bonnet, a blue cloth jacket and trousers, woollen stockings, and stout shoes. Frugal in their habits, and quiet in their demeanour, they study to save a portion of their earnings with which to return home when they have accumulated enough. They are certainly, if less efficient workmen, better behaved, and more honest in their dealings than the bulk of the other navies.

We now come to the Irish, who here, as elsewhere, show peculiar qualities. The greater number of course have been small farmers or rural labourers in their own country, and have come to England for the sake of employment. The ordinary notion of the Irish being disposed to idleness may be true, for anything we know, in the land of their birth; but from all we have heard or seen, they are anything but lazy when mixed with English and Scotch, and have a fair prospect of remuneration. It may therefore be said that the Irish make good navies, when properly brought in to the work, and strengthened by feeding. A person who employs a large number of Irish navies thus writes to us of them:—'The famine and disease recently in Ireland threw a great many of her people over on our works, and most of these came the very pictures of want and wretchedness—a bundle of bones wrapped scantily in rags. A very general want of economy prevails amongst the Irish; they seem to act literally on the motto, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," for they have no thought of the future. Their common diet is tea, coffee, loaf bread, butter, cheese, ham, and butcher-meat, which usually absorb the chief part of their earnings, so that very little is left, after paying their lodgings, for

clothing or a day's sickness. One good trait I have generally found amongst those on the work—a fellow-countryman is seldom refused a meal or a night's lodging, till he find means of providing such for himself. Arriving of course entirely destitute of funds, when the newcomer does go to work, he requires immediate means of subsistence; this is furnished him in the form of a note of credit from his employer to a storekeeper for his time at work converted into wages. By rigid economy, the amount of earnings might suffice to free a workman in a couple of months or so from credit notes with a store, but this is very seldom either attempted or accomplished. If he manage to clear off old scores, and have a few shillings over to expend in ardent spirits at the monthly pay, he thinks he does well; and if advised, and referred to examples of workmen on the same work, with the same pay, who contrive to save from a fourth to a half of their earnings, he tells you the thing is impossible with him, and considers he does well if he keep clear of debt. But many of them do not even act with this degree of consideration; paying their way for a time, they contrive to run some way into debt, and at the monthly pay get up the residue of their wages, and *slope*—that is, abscond to some other distant work, probably to repeat the same dishonesty. There are honourable exceptions, however, with the Irish, just as there are dishonourable ones with the Scotch, the former occurring more frequently with those who come from the north of Ireland, and have been pledged by Father Mathew to teetotalism. These incline to indulge in a costlier diet, but keep a less comfortable dwelling than the economic Scotch; yet, like the latter, they usually contrive to save a portion of their earnings, to transmit to their relatives, or take home with them.

The same writer goes on to make some general remarks:—'Exposed,' he says, 'as the navies must be, from the nature of their employment, to accidents and disease, and taking into account their usually improvident character, a question presents itself—How are they cared for in injuries or sickness? On the work with which I am conversant, it is compulsory for each man to leave sixpence at the monthly pay for a medical fund, which entitles the subscriber, in the case of accident or disease, to receive medicine and medical attendance. A mere trifle from all thus insures to each, when incapacitated for labour, the skill, medicine, and attention requisite for his treatment till restored to health; and the sensible benefit of this self-supporting medical institution amongst them is well attested by the fact, that the men themselves have requested its adoption where it did not exist, and solicited its reorganisation where it had been discontinued.

'In ordinary cases of injury or ailment, the relatives and companions of the sufferer are usually kind and attentive; but if affected with fever, or other contagious ailment, the case immediately alters. The sympathies of their nature are forthwith sealed up by the terror of contagion, and the invalid is commonly either thrust out of doors or deserted. Many deaths for a time occurred amongst them from fever thus neglected. In order to obviate this grave and growing evil, a temporary hospital was erected by the contractors at their own expense, into which were received all cases of fever occurring amongst the men, where they were properly treated and cared for till restored to health. This has been a great boon not only to the men themselves, but to the whole neighbourhood, by lessening the sources of contagion, and diminishing the virulence of the disease. The ill-ventilated apartments of lodging-houses speedily concentrate the poison, and multiply the means of its dissemination.

'Besides a medical fund for the care of the ailing and injured, and as a succedaneum for personal economy, so woefully deficient in most of the men, a sick fund has also been attempted, and attended with partial success. The purpose of the latter—obtained also by monthly contributions of sixpence or more—is to furnish support to invalids till they are able to resume their

labours, and likewise to bury the dead. There certainly has been some difficulty in the management of this fund, similar to what is experienced in other benefit societies—namely, the difficulty of guarding against imposition by malingering, and the expectation that every case of sickness should be suitably attended to, irrespective of the necessities of the individual. The name, in fact, has been badly chosen. Instead of sick-fund, it ought to have received the title of charitable or relief-fund, and gone to relieve cases of maiming or destitution occurring amongst the men; no one having any positive right to any stated weekly allowance when off work as an invalid, but relieved according to his necessities and the cause of his incapacity.'

While sensible of the great national advantages of the labours of the navies, we cannot shut our eyes to the evils which have accompanied them in their movements. Strangers in the scene of their labours, without domestic ties, almost without a domestic existence, rendered rude by the very nature of their work, they do not in general exhibit the virtues which we expect in a settled rural population. Too often the settled people amongst whom they come are contaminated by the reckless debauchery of the navies. Much of the evil might have been avoided if railway operations had been conducted with greater deliberation, so as to admit of moral institutions attending those flying bodies of labourers. Unfortunately, in the eagerness of capital for a 'return,' all has been sacrificed to rapidity in the execution of the work. It is to be hoped that in the general slowing of railway works, time will be obtained to make some arrangements for moralising this huge mass of unregulated human nature.

#### HEART AND IMAGINATION; OR, THE POET AND THE PEASANT.

A young man was rambling along the skirts of the forest which separates St Marie aux Mines from Ribauvillé, and notwithstanding the approach of night, and the fog which was rapidly thickening around him, he strolled leisurely along without a thought of the lateness of the hour. His green jacket, doekin gaiters, and the gun which rested on his shoulder, would have pointed him out as a sportsman, had not the book which peeped from his game-pouch betrayed rather the literary dreamer, to whom the pleasures of the field were only a fair pretext for the indulgence of a solitary ramble. Even at this moment, the meditative nonchalance with which he pursued his way, bespoke Arnold de Munster to be less eager in his quest of game, than intent in pursuing the phantasies of his own imagination. During the last few minutes his thoughts had wandered back to Paris, and to the home and friends whom he had left behind. He pictured to himself with regret the study, so tastefully decorated with statues and engravings, the German melodies which his sister used to sing to him, and the chosen society wont to assemble beneath their hospitable roof. Why had he given up all these enjoyments, and exiled himself in a country-house in the distant province of Alsace? Was it needful *thus* to retrieve his fortune? Or would it not be far better to make any pecuniary sacrifice, rather than dwell among the coarse and vulgar beings by whom he was here surrounded? While thus lost in perplexing thought, Arnold had walked on without considering whether the path he was pursuing might lead him. At length his reverie was dispelled by the unpleasant consciousness that the fog had melted into rain, and was penetrating his shooting-jacket. He now thought of hastening homeward, but on looking around him, perceived that he had lost his way amidst the windings of the forest, and sought in vain to discover which was the direction he ought to take. Meanwhile the daylight was fading away, the rain became heavier, and he wandered on in uncertainty through unknown paths.



His heart was beginning to fail him, when suddenly the welcome tingling of bells met his ears, and a team, conducted by a tall man clad in a blouse, appeared in sight, coming up from a by-road towards the spot where he stood. Arnold awaited his approach, and asked whether it were far to Sersberg.

'Sersberg!' repeated the teamster; 'I hope you do not reckon upon sleeping there to-night?'

'Pardon me, but I do though,' replied the young man.

'At the Château of Sersberg?' continued the peasant; 'then you must know of a railway leading to it. There are six good leagues to be traversed before you could reach the gate, and, considering the weather and the roads, they might be reckoned as twelve.'

The young man made an exclamation of surprise. He had started early in the day from the château, and had no idea he had rambled so far from it. But the peasant, on hearing of the course he had pursued, explained to him that for some hours he had been going in the wrong direction; and that, while he thought himself on the road to Sersberg, he had, in reality, been turning his back upon it. It was now too late to repair his error—the nearest village was about a league distant, and Arnold did not know the way thither; so that he found himself compelled to accept the shelter which was cordially offered by his new companion, whose farm happily lay near at hand. He accordingly joined the countryman, and attempted to enter into conversation with him; but Moser was no talker, and appeared a perfect stranger to all those ideas which habitually filled the young man's mind.

On emerging from the forest, Arnold called his attention to the magnificent horizon which lay before them, and which the last rays of the setting sun now tinged with a hue of the deepest purple. The farmer only shrugged his shoulders, and murmured in reply—'It will be a bad day to-morrow,' at the same time drawing more closely around him the *limousine* which served him for a cloak.

'I should think one can see the whole valley from this point of the road,' said Arnold, who sought to pierce through the darkness in which the base of the hill was already enveloped.

'Yes, yes,' replied Moser, shaking his head, 'this rascally hill is high enough for that. Now there is an invention which I don't see much use for.'

'What invention?'

'Why, the mountains to be sure.'

'You would like better to have nothing but plains?'

'What a question!' exclaimed the farmer, laughing aloud. 'You might as well ask me whether I would rather not break my horses' backs.'

'Ah, that is true,' replied Arnold in a tone of contemptuous irony: 'I forgot the horses! God ought certainly to have thought of them above all when he created the world.'

'I do not know,' Moser tranquilly replied, 'whether God should have thought of them or not; but certainly the engineers ought not to forget them when they construct a road. The horse, sir, is the labourer's best friend, without intending, however, any insult to the oxen, which have also their value.'

Arnold looked at the peasant in amazement.

'Then do you really see nothing in all which surrounds you,' asked he seriously, 'but the mere question of utility? The forest, the mountain, the clouds—do they never speak to your heart? Have you never stood still to contemplate the setting sun, or the forest lighted up by the stars, as it is at this moment?'

'Me!' exclaimed the farmer. 'Do you suppose, then, that I make almanacs? What good should I get from your star-light nights and setting suns? The important thing is to earn enough to pay for one's three daily meals, and for something to keep the cold out of one's stomach. Would monsieur like a little drop of cherry brandy? It is good, and comes from the other side of the Rhine.'

He held out a small flask to Arnold, who rejected it disdainfully.

The coarseness of the peasant renewed his regrets for the polished society he had left behind. He could hardly believe that these unhappy beings, whose lives were devoted to labour, and whose minds never seemed to rise above what was most material in all that surrounded them, could be men endowed with the same nature as himself. Their *animal* existence was the same, but what an abyss between their *spirits*! Were there any inclinations common to each—any point of resemblance which might attest their original fraternity? Arnold felt each moment more inclined to doubt it. The longer he reflected, the more he became convinced that this immaterial flower of all things, to which we have given the name of poetry, was the privileged possession of a few choice spirits, while the rest of mankind vegetated in the dull limbo of a prosaic existence. Such thoughts as these communicated a sort of contemptuous nonchalance to his demeanour towards his guide, with whom he no longer attempted any conversation. Moser showed neither surprise nor annoyance at his conduct, and began to whistle a familiar air, interrupting it now and then to utter a word of encouragement to his horses.

Ere long they reached the farm, where the tingling of the little bells had announced their approach. A young boy and a middle-aged woman appeared at the same moment upon the threshold.

'It is your father!' exclaimed the woman, turning hastily back into the house, whence there immediately issued forth the joyous voices of children, who came running to the door, and pressed eagerly round the peasant.

'Wait a minute there, *marmaille*!' he exclaimed with his rough voice, whilst at the same time he drew from the cart a covered basket. 'Let Fritz unharness the horses.'

But the children continued to besiege the farmer, all talking at the same time. He stooped down to kiss them all, one after another; then suddenly raising himself up, 'Where is Johnny?' he inquired with a hurried voice, which betrayed some feeling of anxiety.

'Here, papa—here I am,' answered a feeble little voice within the doorway. 'Mamma does not like me to come out in this rain.'

'Stay, then—stay a moment,' said Moser, while he threw the reins on the backs of the unharnessed horses: 'I am coming to you, my child. Go in all of you, children, not to let him be tempted to come out.'

The three children ran joyously back to the porch, where the little Johnny stood by his mother's side. He was a pale, sickly boy; so deformed, that it was impossible to guess his age. He rested upon crutches, and his whole frame was bent and emaciated. On his father's approach, he extended his diminutive arms towards him with an expression so full of joy and love, that his wrinkled face beamed with delight. Moser lifted him up with his sinewy hands, uttering at the same time an exclamation of happiness not unmingled with emotion: 'Come, then, my little Puss!' said he; 'kiss papa, then; with both arms hug him close now. How has he been since yesterday?'

The mother shook her head. 'Always that cough,' she said in an under tone.

'Oh, papa, it is nothing,' said the little boy. 'Louis had drawn me rather too fast in my wheel chair; but I am quite well again. I feel as strong as a man.'

The peasant laid him carefully down, raised the fallen crutches, which he placed under his arms, and looked at him with an air of satisfaction. 'Don't you think he grows, wife?' said he in the tone of a man who wants to be encouraged in his own opinion. 'Walk a little way, Johnny—walk, my boy! He walks quicker and more firmly. He will do well, wife; we must only have a little patience.'

The good woman said nothing, but her glance rested upon her infirm child with such an expression of utter

despair that it made Arnold shudder. Happily for poor Moser, he saw it not.

'Come here now, all you young brood,' he continued, opening at the same time the basket which he had taken from the cart. 'There is something for everybody. Fall into rank, and hold out all hands.'

The good father had just produced three small white rolls, ornamented with gilding. Three exclamations of joy were uttered, and six little hands simultaneously started forward to receive them; but in a moment all drew back as if by instinct: 'And Johnny?' inquired with one accord all the little voices.

'What matter about Johnny?' gaily replied Moser. 'Who knows but I have brought nothing for him this evening? He shall have his share another time.'

But the child smiled, and tried to stretch over and peep into the basket. The farmer stepped back, lifted the cover, and raising his hand with an air of mock solemnity, displayed before the eyes of all a gingerbread cake, decorated with white and pink sugar-plums. There was a general exclamation of delight. Johnny himself could not suppress a feeble cry of admiration; a slight tinge of colour passed across his pale cheeks, and he stretched out his hand with an expression of joyous avidity.

'Ah, that takes your fancy, my little Puss,' exclaimed the father, whose countenance brightened at the sight of his child's pleasure. 'Take it, my old man; take it, it is only sugar and honey.'

He placed the cake in the hands of the little cripple, watched him as he slowly moved away, and then turning towards Arnold, said with some emotion, 'He is my first-born, sir: disease has somewhat deformed him; but he is as sharp as a needle, and it will be our own fault if he does not turn out a gentleman.' While speaking, he crossed the outer room, and led the way into a sort of parlour, whose whitewashed walls were decorated with a few rude engravings. On entering, Arnold perceived Johnny seated on the ground, surrounded by his brothers, amongst whom he was sharing the cake given him by his father. But each was exclaiming against the size of his share, and wanting it to be smaller; it needed all the eloquence of the little hunchback to make them accept the shares he had allotted to them.

The young huntsman looked at the scene for some moments with the deepest interest, and when the children had again left the room, he expressed his admiration of it to the farmer's wife. 'Certainly,' she replied with a smile, while at the same time a sigh escaped her, 'there are times when I think that the infirmities of our poor John are of use to our other children: amongst each other, they are slow in yielding, but not one of them can ever refuse him anything—it is a continual exercise of kindness and devotion.'

'And a fine kind of virtue it is!' interrupted Moser. 'Who could refuse anything to an innocent who has so much to suffer? It is a foolish thing for a man to say, but do you know, sir, that child always makes me feel disposed to cry. Often when I am in the fields, I begin all of a sudden to think of him. I say to myself, "Perhaps Johnny is ill, perhaps he is dead!" and then, no matter what hurry there may be for the work to be got through, I must find some pretext or other for coming home and seeing how things go on. You see he is so feeble, so suffering! If he were not loved more than others, he would be too unhappy.'

'Yes, yes,' gently replied his wife, 'the poor child is to us at once a cross and a blessing. My children, sir, are all dear to me; but when I hear upon the floor the sound of Johnny's crutches, I always feel as it were a thrill of joy pass through me: it is a notice to me that our gracious God has not yet withdrawn the beloved child from us. It often seems to me that Johnny brings happiness to the house, like the swallow's nest built beneath the roof. If I had not to watch over him, I should feel as if I had nothing left to do.'

Arnold listened to these naïve expressions of tenderness with mingled interest and surprise. The good

woman called a servant to assist her in laying the cloth; and the young man, at the invitation of Moser, drew near the brushwood fire which was burning on the hearth. As he leaned against the mantelpiece, his eye rested on a small black frame wherein was enclosed a dried leaf; Moser perceived its glance.

'Ah, you are looking at my relic, I perceive,' said he laughing. 'It is a leaf from the weeping willow which grows away yonder upon the tomb of the hero! It was given to me by a Strasburg merchant, who had also served in the old regiment. I would not give the thing for a hundred crowns.'

'You attach, then, some particular idea to it?' said the young man inquiringly.

'Idea? No,' replied the peasant; 'but I too have served a campaign in the 14th Hussars—a valiant regiment, sir—which was pretty well cut up at Montevau. There were only eight men left in our squadron; and so, to be sure, when the *Little Corporal* passed in front of the line, he saluted us—yes, sir—he took off his hat and saluted us! *Tonnerre!* it was worth while being killed for him! Ah! he was the father of the soldier.'

Here the peasant began to fill his pipe, with his eyes fixed upon the frame of black wood and the dried leaf. There was evidently to him in this remembrancer of a wonderful destiny a whole romance of youth and of emotion. He recalled the last struggles of the Empire, in which he had borne a part; the reviews held by the emperor when his presence was still considered a pledge of victory; the brief successes of the French campaign, which were so soon followed by the disaster of Waterloo; the departure of the fallen hero; and his long agony on the rock of St Helena. All these images passed successively before the farmer's mind, and his brow became knitted—he pressed his thumb more energetically upon his pipe, and whistled in a low tone one of the marches of his old regiment.

Arnold respected the old soldier's meditations, and waited till he should himself once more break the silence. The arrival of supper awoke him from his reverie—he drew a chair to the table for his guest, and took his own place opposite.

'Come,' said he abruptly, 'let us set to work with the soup. I have taken nothing since morning but a crust of bread and two or three mouthfuls of cherry brandy. I could almost swallow a cow whole this evening;' and as if to prove his assertion, he began rapidly to despatch the large basin of soup which stood before him. For a few minutes, nothing was heard but the noise of spoons, soon followed by that of knives employed in cutting up the quarter of smoked bacon, which the goodwife placed before them.

The long walk and keen air had given even Arnold an appetite which made him forget all his Parisian delicacies; the bacon seemed the best-flavoured he had ever tasted; and the cheap *vin du pays*, which constituted the sole beverage at the farmer's table, appeared to him capital.

The supper went merrily on till the farmer inquired, as if struck by a sudden thought, 'Where is Farraut? I have not seen him since my return.'

His wife and children looked at each other, and made no reply.

'Well, then, what is the matter?' said Moser, who perceived their embarrassment. 'Where is the dog? What has happened? Do answer me, Dorothy!'

'Do not be vexed, dear papa,' interrupted Johnny; 'we did not dare to tell you; but Farraut is gone off, and has not come back again.'

'Gone off! but you should have told me,' said the peasant, striking the table with his fist. 'And what road did he take?'

'The road to Garennes.'

'When was it?'

'After breakfast. We saw him go up the little path.'

'Something must have happened to him,' said Moser, rising from his seat. 'The poor animal is almost blind,

and there are sand-pits all along the road. Go, get me my goatskin cloak and my lantern; I must find poor Farraut either dead or alive.'

Dorothy went out without making any observation on the lateness of the hour, or the badness of the weather, and soon returned with the cloak and lantern.

'You value this dog much?' inquired Arnold, surprised at their anxiety.

'Not for my own sake,' replied Moser, as he lighted his pipe; 'but he did a good service to Dorothy's father. One day as he was returning from La Boutraye with the price of his bullocks, four men set on him, and would have killed him to get his money, but Farraut drove them off; and so, when the good man died two years ago, he called me to his bedside, and asked me to care for the dog as for one of his children. Those were his very words. I promised it; and it would be a shame not to keep one's word with the dead. Ho, Fritz! give me my stick: I would not, for the world, that anything should have happened to Farraut. The creature has been in the family for twenty years. He knows every one of us by our voices, and he recalls the good grandfather to mind. Give the lantern here quickly, Dorothy. Good-night, sir, and rest well till to-morrow.'

Moser wrapped himself in his goatskin and went out. The sound of his iron-tipped staff made itself heard for a few moments, and was then lost amidst the noise of the storm and rain, which was raging without.

After a long silence, the hostess proposed to show the young man the room she had prepared for him; but Arnold begged to be allowed to await the return of his host. He began to feel interested in this man, whom he had at first thought rude and vulgar-minded, and in this humble family, whose life had seemed to him so devoid of interest.

The night passed on; but no sign of Moser. The children dropped asleep one after another, and John himself, who made the longest resistance, at length yielded to the weariness which stole over him.

Dorothy, uneasy and restless, went constantly to the door to see if she could hear the sound of footsteps. Arnold tried to reassure her; but this only excited her the more. She accused Moser of never considering his own health or safety; of being always ready to sacrifice himself for others; of never being satisfied to see either man or beast suffer without doing everything to relieve them; and in proportion as she multiplied her complaints, which sounded wonderfully like praises, her anxiety became greater, and she was filled with forebodings of ill. The night before, the dog had never ceased howling, an owl had perched on the roof, and besides, it was Wednesday, always an unfortunate day to them. At last she became so miserable that the young huntsman proposed to go in search of her husband; and she was about to awaken Fritz to accompany him as a guide, when the sound of footsteps was heard outside.

'It is he!—it is Moser!' exclaimed the good woman. 'Thank God! he is safe.'

'Hollo! open quick, wife,' cried the farmer from without.

She ran to draw back the bolt, and Moser appeared with the old blind dog in his arms.

'Here he is,' cried he gaily. 'God bless me! I thought I should never find him: the poor animal had rolled to the bottom of the great quarry.'

'And did you go down there to get him?' inquired the terrified Dorothy.

'Would you have had me leave him at the bottom, to find him drowned there to-morrow?' replied the old soldier. 'I slipped along the high bank, and carried him away in my arms like a child, only I was obliged to leave the lantern behind.'

'But, good heavens, you risked your life!' exclaimed Dorothy shuddering.

He shrugged his shoulders, and said good-humouredly, 'Ah, bah! when one risks nothing, one gets nothing. I have found Farraut, that is the chief thing. If the

good grandfather looks down upon us, he will be pleased now.'

This reflection, made almost in a tone of indifference, deeply touched Arnold, who warmly grasped the peasant's hand, saying with emotion, 'You have acted like a true-hearted man, my friend.'

'In what respect?' answered Moser. 'Is it because I have saved a dog from drowning? Thank God! I have saved many a dog, and many a man too, since I was born; but not often in worse weather than to-night. Say, my good Dorothy, can you give me a glass of cogniac to warm me?'

She brought the bottle to her husband, who drank to the health of his guest, and then they all retired to rest.

The next morning was again fine; the sun shone brightly in the cloudless sky, and the birds sang sweetly on the boughs, still glittering with rain-drops. When Arnold descended from the loft where he had passed the night, he found Farraut at the door basking in the warm rays of the rising sun, while the little cripple was seated by his side, making a collar for him of the bright red berries of the wild rose. Farther on, in the outer room, the farmer sat chatting with a beggar, who came for his weekly alms. Dorothy was engaged in filling the old man's sack.

'Come, old Henri, you must have a drink before you go,' said the peasant, whilst he filled a glass for the aged beggar. 'To enable you to get through your rounds, you must have something to give you courage.'

'One always finds some here,' said the beggar with a smile. 'There are not many houses in the parish which give more liberally; and certainly there are none where what is given is given so cheerfully.'

'Hush, hush, Father Henriot,' interrupted Moser; 'why talk about such things? Take your glass, and leave it to the good God to judge the actions of other men. You know you and I have served together—we are comrades.'

The old man contented himself with shaking his head, and striking his glass with the farmer's, without further remark; but one could see that he felt more deeply the kindness with which the alms were bestowed than the gift of the alms themselves.

When he had again lifted his sack upon his shoulder, and said farewell, Moser looked after him till he had turned the corner, and then said with a sigh, 'One more homeless poor old man cast upon the world!' and added, turning to his guest, 'Perhaps you will hardly believe me, sir, but when I see a feeble aged man like that obliged to beg his bread from door to door, my heart sinks within me. I should like to be able to shelter them all under my roof, and welcome them to my table. One may argue about it as one likes, but nothing prevents such a sight from breaking the heart but the recollection that up there, above us, there is a land where those who have not received even a scanty portion here, will have double ration and double pay.'

'Ah, keep fast hold of that hope,' said Arnold; 'it alone can sustain and console us. I shall never forget the hours I have passed with you, my friend: I hope they may not be the last.'

'We shall rejoice to see you,' said the old soldier. 'If the bed in the loft is not too hard for you, and you can put up with our smoked bacon, come as often as you like, and we shall always have a hearty welcome for you.' As he thus spoke, the peasant cordially shook the hand which the young man offered him, pointed out the path he should follow, and stood on the threshold till he had turned the corner of the road and vanished from his sight.

Arnold walked on thoughtfully for some distance, with his eyes fixed upon the ground; but when he had reached the summit of the hill, he turned to cast one more look upon the farm; and as he stood watching the light smoke which curled from its chimney, a tear of grateful emotion dimmed his eye. 'May God protect that roof!' he earnestly exclaimed; 'for there,



where my pride saw only beings incapable of understanding the more refined sentiments of our nature, I have found those who are an example to myself. I judged hastily from the exterior, and thought all the poetry of life was wanting, because, instead of showing itself outwardly, it lay hidden within the deeper recesses of the heart. Superficial observer that I was! I spurned with my foot what seemed to me a hard ungainly flint, little thinking of the diamond hidden within.

#### INFLUENCE OF THE WEATHER ON THE MIND AND BODY.

GENERAL experience convinces most people that the body and the mind are both liable to be affected by the 'skiey influences.' Some, indeed, like Dr Johnson, may affect to treat this with ridicule, and the strong and robust may scarcely be sensible of any minute changes which the state of the weather may effect on their systems, but the more sensitive and susceptible again are fully alive to the facts; so much so, indeed, as to become in some measure living barometers. Who has not, in some part of his life at least, experienced the depressing effect of a dull rainy day on his spirits?—or who, on the contrary, has not felt the exhilaration of dry air and a bright glowing sunshine? At times, even in good health, a state of mind comes across us in which everything appears dark and gloomy; in which little ills are magnified into terrible evils; and in which casual annoyances seem as if they were to be perpetual, and never to be got over. All this may endure for a day, and we cannot account for it; but to-morrow's sun rises bright and cheerful; a wonderful change has come over our spirits; and hope and joy have suddenly taken the place of all our former sorrows. How much is man thus a creature of circumstances, and how apt is his mind thus to be unnecessarily agitated! It is right, however, that he should know this; and a few explanations of the effects of the weather on the animal system may not thus be without their use.

There are several circumstances which naturally affect the atmosphere as respects its influence on organised beings—such as its temperature, its moist or dry condition, its purity as respects admixture of other gases, and its electric condition. Hot air is always depressing and relaxing to the whole system; and as hot and highly rarefied air contains in the same bulk a smaller proportion of oxygen or vital air than cold and denser air, the lungs are thus defectively supplied with one of their chief stimulants of life. Cold air, on the contrary, is bracing and highly stimulating. Every one must have experienced the effects of these two extremes: the first in the languor, and lassitude, and oppressed breathing of a sultry summer day; the other in the exhilaration caused by a dry frosty day in winter, and the increased muscular activity and the ruddy glow of health which such weather causes. When the air is suddenly rarefied, or when a change of its constitution is about to take place, a corresponding impression is felt in the animal system; this is experienced before great storms, hurricanes, or heavy falls of rain or snow. Not only does man become sensible of this, but even the inferior animals, throughout all their grades of existence, manifest by some outward indications their feelings of the approaching change. The cattle leave their pastures often with a loud bellowing, birds wheel about in the air, and even the leech, and other small animals, become unusually agitated. Air of an elevated temperature, and when loaded with moisture, has always a depressing effect on the spirits; dry air, on the contrary, has a stimulating, and, under ordinary circumstances, an

exhilarating effect. A certain degree of moisture is absolutely necessary as a healthy condition of air; but extreme moisture or extreme dryness is prejudicial. The wind called the *sirocco*, which prevails at certain seasons of the year over those countries on the borders of the Mediterranean, exercises a very peculiar effect on the animal system. This wind comes from the arid deserts of Africa, and is extremely hot and dry. No sooner does it arrive on the shores of the Mediterranean, than it absorbs with avidity every particle of moisture up to its highest pitch of saturation; and while undergoing this change, its depressing and enervating effects are found to be most distressing. We experience something of the same kind in our east winds, which prevail along the eastern shores of Britain, especially in the spring months of the year. This east wind blows over the continent of Europe, as well as the northern parts of Asia, and is of low temperature, and deficient in moisture: as soon as it arrives on our island, it gradually absorbs both moisture and heat; and hence that peculiar dry, cold, shrivelling effect which it produces both on the bodies of animals and on all growing vegetables. This effect becomes more apparent when contrasted with a south or westerly wind. No sooner does the southerly wind gain the ascendancy—which wind blows over a long tract of ocean, and is consequently of elevated temperature, and supplied with a medium degree of moisture—than its mild and invigorating influence is felt both by the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

The *damp winds* of South America have been well described by Sir Woodbine Parish. To the north of Buenos Ayres is a very marshy district, while to the south-west lies the great chain of the Andes, separated only by the dry plains of the Pampas; and according as the wind blows from one or other of these quarters, the effects are very remarkable. By the time the north wind reaches the city, it has become so overcharged with moisture, that everything becomes instantly damp, books and boots become mildewed, keys rust even in the pocket, and good fires are necessary to keep the apartments dry. The effects produced in the human body by this humidity are a general lassitude and relaxation, opening the pores of the skin, and inducing great liability to colds, sore throats, rheumatic affections, and all the consequences of checked perspiration. As a safeguard against this state of things, the inhabitants wear woollen clothing, even though the weather be very hot; and although Europeans would prefer wearing cool cotton clothing in such a climate, they soon learn that the native inhabitants are right in the plan which they pursue. This damp wind of La Plata seems to affect the temper and disposition of the inhabitants. The irritability and ill-humour which it excites in some of them, amount to little less than a temporary derangement of their moral faculties. It is a common thing for men among the better class to shut themselves up in their houses during its continuance, and lay aside all business till it has passed; whilst among the lower orders it is always remarked that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed are much more frequent during the north wind than at any other time. In short, everything is deranged, and everybody lays the fault to one source: 'Senor es el viento norte!'—'Tis the north wind, sir!' Even murderers are said to lay to it the blame of their foul deeds. No sooner, however, does the south wind, blowing from the dry and snowy summits of the Andes, set in, than health, and comfort, and peace are restored.

Physicians attribute, and with reason, the prevalence of many diseases to these different states of the atmosphere. Thus moist air give rise to bilious affections, and in some localities and seasons, to agues; dry sharp airs, again, are inimical to all disorders of the chest and lungs. An irritable state of the nervous system, and even temporary insanity, may also occur from extreme conditions of the surrounding atmosphere. The effect of deleterious substances in the air as influencing health, is well known; hence one cause of the unhealthiness

of smoke-enveloped cities, where the air becomes contaminated with an excess of carbon, and with sulphurous and other gases. Crowded and ill-ventilated apartments are also thus inimical to health, from containing an excess of carbonic acid and a corresponding deficiency of oxygen or vital air. We know too little as yet of the effects of electricity, either in excess or deficiency, on the animal system, yet sufficient facts are apparent to convince us that health depends greatly on the electric condition of the air. A coming thunder-storm has a marked effect on the sensations of man and the inferior animals; and rapid changes of the electric condition, which always take place on sudden changes of temperature, or of states of moisture and dryness, have no doubt a great deal to do with many diseases, especially those called epidemical—such as influenza, and some kinds of fevers. The excellent reports on mortality now introduced into England, as given by Dr Farr, and those given with such accuracy by Dr Stark of Edinburgh, sufficiently exhibit the effects of climate on disease. The rate of mortality ranges almost with the range of the thermometer: our mild and temperate months exhibiting the least disease, while those either of extreme heat, or extreme cold, or of excess of moisture, invariably swell the lists of mortality.

Certain temperaments are more liable to be affected by the weather than others, and invalids and all delicate persons are more 'tremblingly alive' to its changes than the robust and healthy. While one shivers with the northern breeze, and can tell from his sensations, the moment he gets out of bed, from what quarter the wind blows, another, less alive to minute feelings, laughs at all such, and, like the renowned Tam o' Shanter, 'never minds the storm a whistle.' But let none exult too much in their impenetrability, or despise the warnings or salutary precautions which are required as protection against the elements; nor, on the other hand, let the afflicted despair, or yield their thoughts too much to such depressions coming from without.

It will perhaps be of some use to the sensitive to be aware of the real nature and cause of their afflictions. They have only to call to mind that such are in many cases of a purely physical nature; that they are the lot of all flesh—the inferior animals, and even insensate plants, not being excepted; that the effects of the weather are to be met by salutary precautions, and by a resolute and resigned mind; that, like many other evils, they soon pass away; and that in such cases especially, 'though sorrow may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.'

The permanent influence of particular climates on the national temperature and disposition is also a curious subject of inquiry. There seem to be grounds for supposing that climate has some effect in this way; hence the superior excitability of the inhabitants of warm climates as compared to those of cold:

'The cold in clime are cold in blood:  
Africa is all the sun's, and as her earth  
Her human clay is kindled.'

Even within the compass of Europe, marked differences of national character are to be observed, corresponding in a certain degree to difference of climate, though no doubt difference of race and natural temperament are also to be taken into account. Thus the inhabitants of the south are more irritable and more sensitive than the cold and phlegmatic natives of the north; the liveliness of the Frenchman differs from the sedateness of the German; and the proverbial dulness of the Dutch differs as much from the energy and vivacity of the Italian.

The effects of change of climate in the cure and prevention of disease are well known to medical men; and such changes, when judiciously made, are often productive of the best effects. Thus a mild, soft, and rather moist air, is found favourable to all complaints of the chest, while a dry bracing air acts like magic on the

nervous and debilitated. Hence, too, the beneficial effects of travel, when change of air is conjoined with regular exercise of the body, and the amusement and occupation of the mind.

#### THE TRAPPERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

A work called 'Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains,' forms two parts—but very unequal parts—of the Home and Colonial Library.\* One describes a journey through Mexico, by a route that has hitherto been little if at all traversed by Europeans; yet, owing to the sameness in the character of the people, and position of the country, it is but little different from the narratives of former travellers. Our author, however, shows that the obvious arrest of social progress in Mexico is in a great degree owing to physical causes; the fertile table-lands of the central region being cut off from easy traffic with the coast, and the entire population of 8,000,000 scattered over an area of 1,312,850 square miles, being distributed in isolated departments, distinct in interests, and insecure in intercommunication. The people, he tells us, rank decidedly low in the scale of humanity. They are treacherous, cunning, indolent, and cowardly by nature, yet have that brutish indifference to death which is altogether distinct even from mere animal courage. He never observed a single commendable trait in the character of the Mexican—that is, of the male animal; for the women, singular as it may seem under the circumstances, are, for kindness of heart, and many sterling qualities, an ornament to their sex and to any nation.

The second, and by far the more valuable part, contains the passage of the Rocky Mountains, and the route thence to New York. There is much in this portion of the work which will be new to British readers, and probably useful in correcting the pleasant delusions of such writers as Cooper. Take the following scenic view to begin with:—'The view from this point was wild and dismal in the extreme. Looking back, the whole country was covered with a thick carpet of snow, but eastward it was seen in patches only here and there. Before me lay the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, Pike's Peak lifting its snowy head far above the rest; and to the south-east the Spanish Peaks (Cumbres Espanolas) towered like twin giants over the plains. Beneath the mountain on which I stood was a narrow valley, through which ran a streamlet bordered with dwarf oak and pine, and looking like a thread of silver as it wound through the plain. Rugged peaks and ridges, snow-drawn, and covered with pine, and deep gorges filled with broken rocks, everywhere met the eye. To the eastward the mountains gradually smoothed away into detached spurs and broken ground, until they met the vast prairies, which stretched far as the eye could reach, and hundreds of miles beyond—a sea of seeming barrenness, vast and dismal. A hurricane of wind was blowing at the time, and clouds of dust swept along the sandy prairies, like the smoke of a million bonfires. On the mountain top it roared and raved through the pines, filling the air with snow and broken branches, and piling it in huge drifts against the trees. The perfect solitude of this vast wilderness was almost appalling. From my position on the summit of the dividing ridge I had a bird's-eye view, as it were, over the rugged and chaotic masses of the stupendous chain of the Rocky Mountains, and the vast deserts which stretched away from their eastern bases; while, on all sides of me, broken ridges, and chasms, and ravines, with masses of piled-up rocks and uprooted trees, with clouds of drifting snow flying through the air, and the hurricane's roar bawling through the forest at my feet, added to the wildness of the scene, which was unrelieved by the slightest vestige of animal or human life. Not a sound either of bird or beast was heard; indeed the hoarse

\* By George F. Ruxton, Esq. Murray.



and stunning rattle of the wind would have drowned them, so loud it roared and raved through the trees.'

Even the lowlands in such a region are not without their terrors. 'The black threatening clouds seemed gradually to descend until they kissed the earth, and already the distant mountains were hidden to their very bases. A hollow murmuring swept through the bottom, but as yet not a branch was stirred by wind; and the huge cotton-woods, with their leafless limbs, loomed like a line of ghosts through the heavy gloom. Knowing but too well what was coming, I turned my animals towards the timber, which was about two miles distant. With pointed ears, and actually trembling with fright, they were as eager as myself to reach the shelter; but before we had proceeded a third of the distance, with a deafening roar the tempest broke upon us. The clouds opened and drove right in our faces a storm of freezing sleet, which froze upon us as it fell. The first squall of wind carried away my cap, and the enormous hail-stones, beating on my unprotected head and face, almost stunned me. In an instant my hunting-shirt was soaked, and as instantly frozen hard; and my horse was a mass of icicles. Jumping off my mule—for to ride was impossible—I tore off the saddle-blanket and covered my head. The animals, blinded with the sleet, and their eyes actually coated with ice, turned their sterns to the storm, and, blown before it, made for the open prairie. All my exertions to drive them to the shelter of the timber were useless. It was impossible to face the hurricane, which now brought with it clouds of driving snow; and perfect darkness soon set in. Still the animals kept on, and I determined not to leave them, following, or rather being blown, after them. My blanket, frozen stiff like a board, required all the strength of my numbed fingers to prevent it being blown away; and although it was no protection against the intense cold, I knew it would in some degree shelter me at night from the snow. In half an hour, the ground was covered on the bare prairie to the depth of two feet, and through this I floundered for a long time before the animals stopped.

'The way the wind roared over the prairie that night—how the snow drove before it, covering me and the poor animals partly—and how I lay there, feeling the very blood freezing in my veins, and my bones petrifying with the icy blasts which seemed to penetrate them—how for hours I remained with my head on my knees, and the snow pressing it down like a weight of lead, expecting every instant to drop into a sleep from which I knew it was impossible I should ever awake—how every now and then the mules would groan aloud and fall down upon the snow, and then again struggle on their legs—how all night long the piercing howl of wolves was borne upon the wind, which never for an instant abated its violence during the night—I would not attempt to describe. I have passed many nights alone in the wilderness, and in a solitary camp have listened to the roarings of the wind and the howling of wolves, and felt the rain or snow beating upon me, with perfect unconcern; but this night threw all my former experiences into the shade, and is marked with the blackest of stones in the memoranda of my journeyings.'

But we must now come to the most interesting portion of the work—a description of the trappers of the Rocky Mountains, who, according to our author, appear to approximate more to the primitive savage than perhaps any other class of civilised man. Their lives are spent in the remote wilds of the mountains, and their habits and character exhibit a mixture of simplicity and ferocity, impressed upon them, one would think, by the strange phenomena of nature in the midst of which they live. Food and clothing are their only wants, and the pursuit of these is the great source of their perils and hardships. With their rifle habitually in their hand, they are constantly on the watch against danger, or engaged in the supply of provisions.

'Keen observers of nature, they rival the beasts of prey in discovering the haunts and habits of game, and

in their skill and cunning in capturing it. Constantly exposed to perils of all kinds, they become callous to any feeling of danger, and destroy human as well as animal life with as little scruple, and as freely, as they expose their own. Of laws human or Divine, they neither know nor care to know. Their wish is their law, and to attain it, they do not scruple as to ways and means. Firm friends and bitter enemies, with them it is "a word and a blow," and the blow often first. They may have good qualities, but they are those of the animal; and people fond of giving hard names call them revengeful, bloodthirsty, drunkards (when the wherewithal is to be had), gamblers, regardless of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*—in fact, "white Indians." However, there are exceptions, and I have met honest mountain-men. Their animal qualities, however, are undeniable. Strong, active, hardy as bears, daring, expert in the use of their weapons, they are just what uncivilised white man might be supposed to be in a brute state, depending upon his instinct for the support of life. Not a hole or corner in the vast wilderness of the "far west" but has been ransacked by these hardy men. From the Mississippi to the mouth of the Colorado of the west, from the frozen regions of the north to the Gila in Mexico, the beaver-hunter has set his traps in every creek and stream. All this vast country, but for the daring enterprise of these men, would be even now a *terra incognita* to geographers, as indeed a great portion still is; but there is not an acre that has not been passed and repassed by the trappers in their perilous excursions. The mountains and streams still retain the names assigned to them by the rude hunters; and these alone are the hardy pioneers who have paved the way for the settlement of the western country.'

Trappers are of two kinds—the hired and the free: the former being merely hired for the hunt by the fur companies, while the latter is supplied with animals and traps by the company, and receives a certain price for his furs and peltries.

There is likewise a third trapper 'on his own hook,' more independent than either. He has animals and traps of his own, chooses his own hunting-grounds, and selects his own market. From this class, which is small in number, the novelists may be supposed to select their romantic trappers, who amuse their leisure with sentiment and philosophy.

The equipment of the trapper is as follows:—On starting for a hunt, he fits himself out with the necessary equipment, either from the Indian trading-forts, or from some of the petty traders—*coureurs des bois*—who frequent the western country. This equipment consists usually of two or three horses or mules—one for saddle, the others for packs—and six traps, which are carried in a bag of leather called a *trap-sack*. Ammunition, a few pounds of tobacco, dressed deer-skins for moccasins, &c. are carried in a wallet of dressed buffalo-skin, called a "possible-sack." His "possibles" and "trap-sack" are generally carried on the saddle-mule when hunting, the others being packed with the furs. The costume of the trapper is a hunting-shirt of dressed buckskin, ornamented with long fringes; pantaloons of the same material, and decorated with porcupine-quills and long fringes down the outside of the leg. A flexible felt-hat and moccasins clothe his extremities. Over his right shoulder and under his left arm hang his powder-horn and bullet-pouch, in which he carries his balls, flint and steel, and odds and ends of all kinds. Round the waist is a belt, in which is stuck a large butcher's-knife in a sheath of buffalo-hide, made fast to the belt by a chain or guard of steel; which also supports a little buckskin case containing a whetstone. A tomahawk is also often added, and of course a long heavy rifle is part and parcel of his equipment. I had nearly forgotten the pipe-holder, which hangs round his neck, and is generally a *gagé d'amour*, and a triumph of squaw workmanship, in shape of a heart, garnished with beads and porcupine-quills.

Thus furnished with everything that is necessary,

and having chosen the locality of his trapping-ground, he sets out on his expedition to the mountains, sometimes alone, sometimes with several more in company, as soon as the breaking up of the ice permits. Arrived on his hunting-grounds, he follows the creeks and streams, keeping a sharp look-out for "sign." If he sees a prostrate cotton-wood tree, he examines it, to discover if it be the work of beaver—whether "thrown" for the purpose of food, or to dam the stream. The track of the beaver on the mud or sand under the bank is also examined; and if the "sign" be fresh, he sets his trap in the run of the animal, hiding it under water, and attaching it by a stout chain to a picket driven in the bank, or to a bush or tree. A "float-stick" is made fast to the trap by a cord a few feet long, which, if the animal carry away the trap, floats on the water, and points out its position. The trap is baited with the "medicine," an oily substance obtained from the beaver. A stick is dipped into this, and planted over the trap; and the beaver, attracted by the smell, and wishing a close inspection, very foolishly puts his leg into the trap, and is a "gone beaver."

'When a lodge is discovered, the trap is set at the edge of the dam, at the point where the animal passes from deep to shoal water, and always under water. Early in the morning, the hunter mounts his mule and examines the traps. The captured animals are skinned, and the tails, which are a great dainty, carefully packed into camp. The skin is then stretched over a hoop or framework of osier-twigs, and is allowed to dry, the flesh and fatty substance being carefully scraped (grained). When dry, it is folded into a square sheet, the fur turned inwards, and the bundle, containing about ten to twenty skins, tightly pressed and corded, and is ready for transportation.

'During the hunt, regardless of Indian vicinity, the fearless trapper wanders far and near in search of "sign." His nerves must ever be in a state of tension, and his mind ever present at his call. His eagle eye sweeps round the country, and in an instant detects any foreign appearance. A turned leaf, a blade of grass pressed down, the uneasiness of the wild animals, the flight of birds, are all paragraphs to him written in nature's legible hand and plainest language. All the wits of the subtle savage are called into play to gain an advantage over the wily woodman; but with the natural instinct of primitive man, the white hunter has the advantages of a civilised mind; and thus provided, seldom fails to outwit, under equal advantages, the cunning savage.'

Yet sometimes the precautions of the white hunter are vain. The Indian, observing where he has set his traps, creeps towards them in such a way as to leave no trail, and couches patiently in the bushes till his victim comes. Then flies the arrow; and at so short a distance it rarely flies in vain. The whiz is hardly in the ear of the victim when the point is in his heart, and the exulting savage has a white scalp to carry home for the adornment of his lodge. But the balance of spoil of this kind, it must be said, is greatly in favour of the trappers, whose camp-fires, at the end of the hunt, exhibit twelve black scalps for every one their comrades have lost.

'At a certain time, when the hunt is over, or they have loaded their pack-animals, the trappers proceed to the "rendezvous," the locality of which has been previously agreed upon; and here the traders and agents of the fur companies await them, with such assortment of goods as their hardy customers may require, including generally a fair supply of alcohol. The trappers drop in singly and in small bands, bringing their packs of beaver to this mountain market, not unfrequently to the value of a thousand dollars each, the produce of one hunt. The dissipation of the rendezvous, however, soon turns the trapper's pocket inside out. The goods brought by the traders, although of the most inferior quality, are sold at enormous prices:—Coffee,

twenty and thirty shillings a pint-cup, which is the usual measure; tobacco fetches ten and fifteen shillings a plug; alcohol, from twenty to fifty shillings a pint; gunpowder, sixteen shillings a pint-cup; and all other articles at proportionably exorbitant prices.

'The "beaver" is purchased at from two to eight dollars per pound; the Hudson's Bay Company alone buying it by the plie, or "plew"—that is, the whole skin; giving a certain price for skins, whether of old beaver or "kittens."

'The rendezvous is one continued scene of drunkenness, gambling, and brawling and fighting, as long as the money and credit of the trappers last. Seated, Indian fashion, round the fire, with a blanket spread before them, groups are seen with their "decks" of cards, playing at "euker," "poker," and "seven-up," the regular mountain-games. The stakes are "beaver," which here is current coin; and when the fur is gone, their horses, mules, rifles, and shirts, hunting-packs, and breeches, are staked. Daring gamblers make the rounds of the camp, challenging each other to play for the trapper's highest stake—his horse, his squaw (if he have one), and, as once happened, his scalp! There go "hos and beaver!" is the mountain expression when any great loss is sustained; and sooner or later, "hos and beaver" invariably find their way into the insatiable pockets of the traders. A trapper often squanders the produce of his hunt, amounting to hundreds of dollars, in a couple of hours; and, supplied on credit with another equipment, leaves the rendezvous for another expedition, which has the same result time after time; although one tolerably successful hunt would enable him to return to the settlements and civilised life, with an ample sum to purchase and stock a farm, and enjoy himself in ease and comfort the remainder of his days.

'An old trapper, a French Canadian, assured me that he had received fifteen thousand dollars for beaver during a sojourn of twenty years in the mountains. Every year he resolved in his mind to return to Canada, and, with this object, always converted his fur into cash; but a fortnight at the "rendezvous" always cleaned him out, and, at the end of twenty years, he had not even credit sufficient to buy a pound of powder.

'These annual gatherings are often the scene of bloody duels, for over their cups and cards no men are more quarrelsome than your mountaineers. Rifles, at twenty paces, settle all differences; and, as may be imagined, the fall of one or other of the combatants is certain, or, as sometimes happens, both fall to the word "fire."

We have already given some specimens of our author's skill in painting from nature; but the following scene, though often sketched, has rarely been treated with a freer and firmer touch. It is a scene far from unfamiliar to the trapper:—A little before sunset I descended the mountain to the springs; and being very tired, after taking a refreshing draught of the cold water, I lay down on the rock by the side of the water and fell fast asleep. When I awoke the sun had already set; but although darkness was fast gathering over the mountain, I was surprised to see a bright light flickering against its sides. A glance assured me that the mountain was on fire, and starting up, I saw at once the danger of my position. The bottom had been fired about a mile below the springs, and but a short distance from where I had secured my animals. A dense cloud of smoke was hanging over the gorge, and presently a light air springing up from the east, a mass of flame shot up into the sky and rolled fiercely up the stream, the belt of dry brush on its banks catching fire and burning like tinder. The mountain was already invaded by the devouring element, and two wings of flame spread out from the main stream, which, roaring along the bottom with the speed of a race-horse, licked the mountain side, extending its long line as it advanced. The dry pines and cedars hissed and cracked as the flame, reaching them, ran up

their trunks, and spread amongst the limbs, whilst the long waving grass underneath was a sea of fire. From the rapidity with which the fire advanced, I feared that it would already have reached my animals, and hurried at once to the spot as fast as I could run. The prairie itself was as yet untouched, but the surrounding ridges were clothed in fire, and the mules, with stretched ropes, were trembling with fear. Throwing the saddle on my horse, and the pack on the steadiest mule, I quickly mounted, leaving on the ground a pile of meat, which I had not time to carry with me. The fire had already gained the prairie, and its long dry grass was soon a sheet of flame; but, worse than all, the gap through which I had to retreat was burning. Setting spurs into Panchito's sides, I dashed him at the burning brush, and though his mane and tail were singed in the attempt, he gallantly charged through it. Looking back, I saw the mules huddled together on the other side, and evidently fearing to pass the blazing barrier. As, however, to stop would have been fatal, I dashed on, but before I had proceeded twenty yards, my old hunting mule, singed and smoking, was at my side, and the others close behind her.

'On all sides I was surrounded by fire. The whole scenery was illuminated, the peaks and distant ridges being as plainly visible as at noonday. The bottom was a roaring mass of flame, but on the other side, the prairie being more bare of cedar-bushes, the fire was less fierce, and presented the only way of escape. To reach it, however, the creek had to be crossed, and the bushes on the banks were burning fiercely, which rendered it no easy matter; moreover, the edges were coated above the water with thick ice, which rendered it still more difficult. I succeeded in pushing Panchito into the stream, but in attempting to climb the opposite bank, a blaze of fire was puffing into his face, which caused him to rear on end, and his hind feet flying away from him at the same moment on the ice, he fell backwards into the middle of the stream, and rolled over me in the deepest water. Panchito rose on his legs, and stood trembling with affright in the middle of the stream, whilst I dived and groped for my rifle, which had slipped from my hands, and of course sunk to the bottom. After a search of some minutes I found it, and again mounting, made another attempt to cross a little farther down, in which I succeeded, and followed by the mules, dashed through the fire, and got safely through the line of blazing brush.'

Upwards of 100,000 buffalo robes find their way into the United States and Canada every year; and besides those killed by the Indians, innumerable carcasses left to rot untouched on the trail, attest the wanton brutality of the crowds of emigrants to California, Columbia, and elsewhere. Still the numbers of these animals are countless; and it will probably be many years before the reckless whites accomplish the feat of stripping the boundless prairies of their ornament and pride, and depriving the traveller of a meal. We have now only room for the following masterly description of the death of a buffalo, which will serve as an appropriate tailpiece to a more faithful portrait of the trapper of the Rocky Mountains than has probably ever before been drawn.

'No animal requires so much killing as a buffalo. Unless shot through the lungs or spine, it invariably escapes; and, even when thus mortally wounded, or even struck through the very heart, it will frequently run a considerable distance before falling to the ground, particularly if it sees the hunter after the wound is given. If, however, he keeps himself concealed after firing, the animal will remain still, if it does not immediately fall. It is a most painful sight to witness the dying struggles of the huge beast. The buffalo invariably evinces the greatest repugnance to lie down when mortally wounded, apparently conscious that, when once touching mother earth, there is no hope left him. A bull, shot through the heart or lungs, with blood streaming from his mouth, and protruding tongue, his eyes rolling, bloodshot, and glazed with death, braces

himself on his legs, swaying from side to side, stamps impatiently at his growing weakness, or lifts his rugged and matted head and helplessly bellows out his conscious impotence. To the last, however, he endeavours to stand upright, and plants his limbs farther apart, but to no purpose. As the body rolls like a ship at sea, his head slowly turns from side to side, looking about, as it were, for the unseen and treacherous enemy who has brought him, the lord of the plains, to such a pass. Gouts of purple blood spurt from his mouth and nostrils, and gradually the failing limbs refuse longer to support the ponderous carcass; more heavily rolls the body from side to side, until suddenly, for a brief instant, it becomes rigid and still; a convulsive tremor seizes it, and with a low, sobbing gasp, the huge animal falls over on his side, the limbs extended stark and stiff, and the mountain of flesh without life or motion.'

#### GLEANINGS IN BIBLIOGRAPHY.

RESEARCHES into the origin of the names applied to the various forms of written or printed documents have often engaged the attention of the curious—they have afforded matter for ingenious speculation to the antiquary, and given to the zealous bibliophile frequent opportunities

— 'painfully to pore upon a book  
To seek the light of truth.'

The Hebrew word *sepher* throughout the Scriptures is generally translated *book*; it might, however, with equal truth, be rendered writing, deed, tract, or pamphlet. In the Septuagint the translation is *biblos*, and in the Vulgate *libellus*. Dr Clarke quotes from an old version of the Bible, supposed to be earlier than Wickliffe's—'Who ever schal levee his wiif, geve he to her a lybel; that is, a lytil book of forsakyng.' The *libelli*—little books—are said to have first appeared about the commencement of the Christian era; and the term *libellus* was applied to many religious and legal documents—*libellus poenitentialis*—*libellus famosus*.

When tracts first came into existence, they were mostly confined to religious subjects: their name is derived from the Latin *tractatus*, something drawn out, as a summary or treatise. 'If,' as Hazlitt says, 'books, like wings, carry us o'er the world,' it must be confessed that the lightest books are often the heaviest wings: it would be difficult, indeed, to fly with the tracts that the schoolmen threw off as matters of recreation. 'Some books,' it has been remarked, 'like the city of London, fare the better for being burnt.'

Antiquaries are in doubt as to the origin of the word *pamphlet*: various Greek derivations have been proposed, suggested probably by the syllable *pan*; in ancient times, however, paper was sometimes spelt *pampier*. The earliest known mention of the word occurs in 'Philobiblon,' a work of the fourteenth century, in which the learned and reverend author says he reveres books rather than pounds sterling—'*libros non libras*'—and '*pamphletos*' rather than '*palfredis*.' In the reign of Henry VI. the term was *pamphlete*; and *pamphlet* at the end of the fifteenth century. According to Dr Johnson, the derivation is from the French—*par un filet*, held by a thread; but another authority, Dr Pegge, suggests *palme feuillet*, leaf to be held in the hand. In the period of the civil wars, England was overrun with pamphlets; so fast did they multiply in the heat of party spirit, that the parliament passed a denunciation against 'pamphlet, treatise, ballad, libel, or sheet or sheets of news.' The rulers, perhaps, looking round on the popular literature of the day, anticipated the thought of a modern writer—

'Huge reams of folly, shreds of wit,  
Compose the mingled mass of it.'

and so, as prudent statesmen, applied a check to overproduction. Tracts and pamphlets, nevertheless, have done, and are still doing, good service, by carrying



knowledge into quarters where larger works seldom or never penetrate; and we may say with an author of the past century, 'there's scarcely any degree of people but may think themselves interested enough to be concerned with what is published in pamphlets.'

Francis I., although called the patron of letters, issued an edict for the closing of all shops for the sale of books, under penalty of death. This severity was afterwards mitigated, yet booksellers were forbidden to sell any books but those in their catalogues, one of which was exclusively of works approved by the church. On no account whatever were they allowed to introduce books from countries out of the Roman pale. Penalty of death was also decreed against those who should sell or distribute books, or publish engravings and woodcuts, however small, without special permission from the royal authority.

According to some writers, Louis XI. of France sent Nicolas Jenson, director of the mint at Tours, about the year 1462, 'to inform himself secretly of the cutting of punches and characters, by means of which the rarest manuscripts might be multiplied by printing; and to bring away the invention subtilly.' Jenson, however, from some cause, did not return to France: he established himself at Venice in 1469, where he printed the 'Epîtres de Cicéron,' and one hundred and fifty other works, during the next ten years. He applied his talent as a graver of coins with equal success and skill to the art of typography; and to him are we indebted for the introduction of the Roman character in printing. In 1563, an ordonnance was issued by Charles IX., by which printers were enjoined not to print any books whatever, 'under penalty of hanging or strangling.' Such means for the suppression of knowledge, whatever their success at the time, remind us of the attempt to stay the stream of the Danube by damming up its source. Monarchs would have done better to leave printing to work its own cure; for, according to Sismondi, 'there is as great a mortality among books as among men.' Sir Thomas Overbury tells us—

'Books are a part of man's prerogative;  
In formal link they thoughts and voices hold,  
That we to them our solitude may give,  
And make time present travelled that of old.  
Our life, fame pieceh longer at the end,  
And books it farther backward do extend.'

The name of the Elzevirs, the famous printers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, first occurs in an edition of 'Eutropius,' printed at Leyden in 1592: it is seldom or never met with in works printed after 1680. Their Bible has sold for 110 florins, Seneca for L.17, Virgil L.15, Horace L.8. Their masterpiece is an 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' a small duodecimo of 257 pages, published in 1679; it has sold for L.6.

The Sultan Bajazet II. issued a decree in 1483 forbidding the use of printed books by the Turks, under penalty of death. This decree was afterwards confirmed by his son Selim I. in 1515, and implicitly obeyed by the Mohammedans, with equal ignorance and fanaticism, until the eighteenth century, when, in the reign of Achmet III., Seid-Effendi, who had accompanied his father, the ambassador, to the court of Louis XV. in 1720, was so much struck with the advantages of printing, that he determined his own country should participate in them. For the attainment of this object he employed the services of a Hungarian renegade, who was subsequently surnamed Basmdjy—the Printer. A memorial was drawn up, by means of which the grand vizier, Ibrahim Pacha, an enlightened protector of literature, obtained a favourable edict from the sultan. But fearful of wounding the religious scruples of his subjects, and of alarming the numerous class of copyists, Achmet forbade the printing of the Koran, the oral laws of the Prophet, the commentaries on these works, and books on jurisprudence—leaving to the industry of the printers philosophical, medical, astronomical, geographical, historical, and other scientific works. The

renegade was placed at the head of the new establishment, but the national character was against him; and notwithstanding his activity, at the time of his death, which happened in 1746, he had not been able to print more than sixteen works. The first was a Turkish and Arabic dictionary, 2 vols. folio, of which the impression was completed in 1729; the price was fixed at thirty-five piastres, by order of the sultan. In the following year a Turkish grammar appeared, a copy of which, with each leaf of a different colour, is still in existence.

Two years of constant labour were required for a copyist to transcribe the Bible carefully upon vellum. 'What time and trouble,' says Voltaire, 'must have been taken to copy correctly in Greek and Latin the works of Origen, of Clement of Alexandria, and of all the other writers called Fathers!' St Jerome says in one of his satirical letters against Rufinus, that he had ruined himself with buying Origen's works after having written with so much heat and bitterness against that author. 'Yes,' answered Rufinus, 'I have read Origen: if it be a crime, I acknowledge my guilt, and that I exhausted the whole of my wealth in purchasing his works at Alexandria!' The writer just quoted observes, that 'it is with books as with men, the small number play a great part, the rest are confounded in the crowd. Reflect,' he adds, 'that the whole known universe is governed by books except savage nations. Who are the leaders of mankind in well-governed countries? Those who know how to read and write. You do not understand Hippocrates, or Boerhaave, or Sydenham; but you put yourself into the hands of those who have read them.'

We have often looked into the substratum of history for incidental facts that might lead us to judge of the state of popular feeling in a city or town when the printing-press was first set to work. Did the inhabitants go about their ordinary avocations with the plodding unconcern induced by long habit? or did they meet by twos and threes to talk in half-doubting tones of the new mystery, savouring strongly of the supernatural, that was to make books faster than twenty copyists could write them? Were no curious and wondering crowds collected in front of the quaintly-gabled house, heretofore not more remarked than the surrounding edifices, in which the printer was shut up with his—as said the copyists—unholy mechanism? Was there no standing on tiptoe to peep in at the windows? Did no adventurous urchin climb by the projecting carvings to steal a glance through some weather-broken chink? Were there not women among the onlookers, who, as portentous whispers went round, half-wished the babe in their arms might be clerkly inclined, and read the unwritten volumes so soon to see the light? Did not those about to set out on a journey put off their departure for a day, that they might first see a specimen of the wondrous craft, and carry the news with them? Did not wayfarers, arriving with dusty hose, unsling their knapsacks, and seating themselves on the opposite side of the narrow street, wait to see the upshot of an event that filled the town with wonder? Surely the magistrates and the brethren of the guilds, in furred and robed gowns, were sitting in their carved and panelled council-hall for the first sheet to be brought to them, there in grave debate to determine the question of doubtful agency? We can hardly believe that the enemies of progress succeeded in repressing all manifestation of curiosity; society had just then reached another of its culminating points. Luther, with unceremonious hand, was opening ways for the admission of light where, for ages, all had been darkness; the human mind had found a new want, and 'books, the mind incarnate, the immortality of the life that is,' were destined to supply it.

In the absence of precise information on these points, we may turn to a more recent portion of history, which future antiquaries will look back to with as much gratification as those of the present day feel in deciphering the hieroglyphics upon the bricks of Nineveh.

Printing was first introduced into the South Sea Islands in June 1817, when the first native printed books were published at Cimeo, in the district of Afareaitu. The king, Pomare, had taken the greatest interest in the proceedings of the missionaries, and requested that he might be sent for whenever they were ready to go to work. The composing-stick was placed in his hand, and, with some assistance, the monarch composed the first page of the spelling-book, an alphabet in capitals, and small letters. 'He visited us almost daily,' writes Mr Ellis, 'until the 30th, when, having received intimation that the first sheet was ready for the press, he came, attended by only two of his favourite chiefs. They were, however, followed by a numerous train of his attendants, &c. who had by some means heard that the work was about to commence. Crowds of the natives were already collected around the door, but they made way for him; and after he and his two companions had been admitted, the door was closed, and the small window next the sea darkened, as he did not wish to be overlooked by the people outside. The king examined, with great minuteness and pleasure, the form as it lay on the press, and prepared to try to take off the first sheet ever printed in his dominions. Having been told how it was to be done, he jocosely charged his companions not to look very particularly at him, and not to laugh if he should not do it right. I put the printer's ink-ball into his hand, and directed him to strike it two or three times upon the face of the letters; this he did, and then placing a sheet of clean paper upon the parchment, it was covered down, turned under the press, and the king was directed to pull the handle. He did so, and when the paper was removed from beneath the press, and the covering lifted up, the chiefs and assistants rushed towards it to see what effect the king's pressure had produced. When they beheld the letters black, and large, and well-defined, there was one simultaneous expression of wonder and delight.

'The king took up the sheet, and having looked first at the paper, and then at the types, with attentive admiration, handed it to one of his chiefs, and expressed a wish to take another. He printed two more; and while he was so engaged, the first sheet was shown to the crowd without, who, when they saw it, raised a general shout of astonishment and joy. When the king had printed three or four sheets, he examined the press in all its parts with great care, and remained attentively watching and admiring the facility with which, by its mechanism, so many pages were printed at one time, until it was near sunset, when he left us, taking with him the sheets he had printed to his encampment on the opposite side of the bay.'

An edition of 2600 copies of this spelling-book, and another of 2300 of a catechism and collection of texts, were rapidly printed and circulated among the natives, several of whom had been instructed so far as to be able to perform the more laborious part of the presswork. By the middle of 1818, 3000 copies of the Gospel of St Luke were printed, entitled, 'Te Evanelia na Luks, iiritihia ei parau Tahiti'; literally, 'The Gospel of Luke, taken out to be the language of Tahiti'; with the imprint, 'Nenheihia i te nenei raa parau a te mau Missionari,' 1818. 'Pressed at the (paper or book) presser of the Missionaries.'

The sensation created in the vicinity of the printing establishment spread over the whole island; chiefs and people crowded the office daily. 'The press soon became a matter of universal conversation; and the facility with which books could be multiplied filled the minds of the people in general with wonderful delight. Multitudes arrived from every district of Eimeo, and even from other islands, to procure books, and to see this astonishing machine. The excitement manifested frequently resembled that with which the people of England would hasten to witness, for the first time, the ascent of a balloon, or the movement of a steam-carriage. So great was the influx of strangers, that for several

weeks before the first portion of the Scriptures was finished, the district of Afareaitu resembled a public fair.'

Canoes came from distant islands, bringing cocoa-nut oil in exchange for books: on one occasion, a party who arrived late in the evening slept on the ground all night, rather than miss the chance of the first supply in the morning. But the books, to be really useful, required binding; and leather being scarce on the island, the supply was economised to the utmost. A copy half-bound in red morocco was sent to the king; the boards were formed of native cloth, made of the bark of a tree beaten together: these were, in numerous instances, covered with pieces of old newspapers, dyed purple with the juice of a species of mountain plantain. The natives learned to bind, some in thin wood; and all the animals were hunted to procure skins; dogs and cats, every creature that had hitherto lived unmolested, was killed, and the novel sight of skins hung out to dry at the door of the huts was seen throughout the island. Such was the desire to possess books, that, the narrator pursues, 'I have frequently seen thirty or forty canoes, from distant parts of Eimeo, or from some other island, lying along the beach; in each of which five or six persons had arrived, whose only errand was to procure copies of the Scriptures. For these many waited five or six weeks, while they were printing. Sometimes I have seen a canoe arrive with six or ten persons for books; who, when they have landed, have brought a large bundle of letters, perhaps thirty or forty, written on plantain leaves, and rolled up like a scroll. These letters have been written by individuals who were unable to come and apply personally for a book, and had therefore thus sent in order to procure a copy.'

Details thus minute of the first printing and diffusion of books in the cities and towns of Germany, and other places on the continent, would now be regarded with high interest. None, unfortunately, have come down to us, and we can only speculate as regards the popular feeling on the first promulgation of an art whose design was, in the language of Davy, 'for perpetuating thought in imperishable words, rendering immortal the exertions of genius, and presenting them as common property to all awakening minds—becoming, as it were, the true image of divine intelligence, receiving and bestowing the breath of life in the influence of civilisation.'

#### THE PLEASURES OF POVERTY.

No! reader, no! I am not a satirical fellow, about to launch poisonous words of unfeeling levity at those who are victims to the tyranny of that cruel dame; neither am I a Stoic, and desirous of proving that the absence of pleasure is as good as its presence. In no way do I wish to 'make the worse appear the better reason'; but I should like to prove, if possible, that there is *some* reason in these words, 'The pleasures of poverty.' I have some title to be heard on this subject, my dear reader, for (*entre nous*) I am, and have always been, as poor as a church mouse; and therefore you may be sure that what I am about to offer to your attention is no pretty piece of speculation, or imaginary theory, formed without the slightest knowledge of the facts.

Allow me to put some preliminary questions. In the first place, 'Who are the people who can with propriety be called poor?' We often hear that such and such a nobleman, with *only* ten thousand a year, is 'very poor'; and we can also call to remembrance one or two persons who have been

'Passing rich with forty pounds a year.'

At first sight, it seems impossible that both these statements can be true; and yet a little reflection shows that they may be. The village pastor may find forty pounds enough for his yearly necessities, and the man of rank may find ten thousand pounds inadequate to his expenses; in such a case, the latter is, and the former is not, poor. From these and other considera-

tions, we should define the poor as, 'All persons whose worldly wants transcend their worldly means.'

In the next place we would ask, 'Is poverty an *unmixed evil*?' From the earliest ages in which the opinions of the wise have been recorded, until the present time, they have never been so thoroughly agreed upon any subject (and they differ considerably upon most matters) as upon this one point—that all things upon earth are composed of a mixture of good and evil; there is nothing so good that it hath no taint of evil, nothing so bad that some good may not be found in it. Hence it follows that *poverty*, that 'direct curse,' is not without its redeeming points; and that though it be 'like the toad, ugly and venomous,' it

\* Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.\*

Since, then, we are assured that among its many pains some pleasures lie hid; and, moreover, since I pique myself upon having discovered some of the minor ones, besides perceiving important ones, discovered by wiser heads, I shall now beg leave to introduce them to the notice of the reader without further delay, giving precedence to the larger pleasures.

Nothing sharpens a man's wits like poverty; except, perhaps, love, which is, in one sense, a sort of poverty; for is not love the want of something felt to be necessary to the support and maintenance of the soul? Poverty will not actually convert an idiot into a Bacon or a Shakespeare, but it has a wonderful power of brightening dunces and quickening *slow-coaches*; and the brightness and the quickness are just so much pleasure added to the existence of the quondam dunces and *slow-coaches*.

Nothing is so efficacious in purifying and bracing a man's morals as poverty. Cincinnatus, Dentatus, Fabricius, and the other stern models of Roman virtue, would not have been so virtuous—perhaps they would not have been virtuous at all (who knows?)—if they had been rich senators of the Augustan age. Some people are of opinion that temperance, fortitude, discreet silence, and other virtues, cardinal and minor, became common at Sparta in consequence of the scarcity of ready money there. In short, if we may rely on the testimony of history, men are brave, truthful, magnanimous, in proportion to their poverty; and that the best are the poorest (always supposing they have enough to keep body and soul together). The poets, too, teach us that the golden age of every nation is that in which there is no gold in circulation.

Now, if it be true that poverty, acting upon ordinary men, tends to make them more intelligent by mental friction, and more virtuous by the deprivation of the means of vicious indulgence, it follows, as a general rule, that it must tend to make them happier. It would be superfluous talking, in these days, to show that the more intelligent and the more virtuous a man is, the happier he must be. Such an influence, acting upon extraordinary minds, will of course produce a corresponding result; and if we search the annals of true greatness in all ages, we shall find that poverty has been the nursing-mother of genius in an overwhelming majority of cases. It is poverty that has saved genius from wearing out in the enjoyment of mere mundane felicity; for all genius has an insatiable thirst for enjoyment; and if not forced very soon in its career to recognise the insufficiency of earthly pleasures to satisfy its infinite longings—if not compelled to forbear and to forego, to deny itself and to endure—it would be easily led by its instinctive demands for enjoyment to accept eagerly all the pernicious pleasures of this world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life—instead of the divine joy of which it is capable, and which it can never possess, till, in some way or other, by its own will alone (which is too much to expect from a mortal), or by the assistance of circumstances, it has learned to trample on those temptations; and standing erect above them, can fix its gaze steadily on things above the earth. It is not unnecessary to

say this, because many people who have a profound admiration for genius, *per se*, have no conception of its struggles and its self-denials. They believe that men like Socrates and Pericles, Trajan and Antoninus, Alfred and Charlemagne, Wickliffe and Zuinglius, Descartes and Spinoza, Shakespeare, Sidney, and Schiller, are either born superior to the temptations to vice which rise up within ordinary men, or find little difficulty in *righting* themselves after temporary aberration. In this way their admirers often deprive them of their due share of praise. It is not for me to measure the merit of resistance in such men, but I am inclined to believe that they had generally a harder task to subdue the cravings of the lower part of their nature than ordinary men; and that the hardships of poverty, acting from without, went far to assist the workings of the higher faculties within, in most of the cases set down at random above. In the case of those who may be said to have been 'born in the purple,' either of empire or of luxury, an artificial or accidental poverty was imposed upon them, and they thus learned to control their appetites and their propensities, and to seek and find a joy which this world can neither give nor take away.

But to descend from these greater considerations of the bright side of poverty, let us now dwell on its little pleasures. Did you ever think, dear reader, of the pleasures of making sixpence do the work of a shilling? True, those who attempt the task generally find it difficult; but to people of spirit, difficult tasks are the only delightful ones. It is also true that many persons who have tried to perform the said task have failed in a signal manner, and pronounced it an impossibility. But there have been other adventurous poor persons who, like Napoleon, have trampled on impossibilities, and made their sixpences do double duty.

The ingenuity and forthright that a man must exercise in order to get a dinner for sixpence, give him more appetite for the meal than any rich man can feel by merely running his eye down the *carte* at a first-rate hotel, and selecting what he thinks he shall like best. The *embarras du choix*, in the one case, may be pleasing for a moment, but it can never be so thoroughly satisfactory as the fixed immovable necessity of the other; the chop or rasher, or *nothing*, cannot be a very embarrassing question to a well-constituted mind, that is roused to action by an empty stomach. And when each has finished his meal, which derives the greatest amount of pleasure from it? He who, with easy digestion, takes up his hat and hums a tune as he walks out of a coffee-house, and goes away again to counting-house or workshop; or he who, having achieved the *great fact* of his day—dinner—reclines in a state of somnolent repletion, waiting till such time as his overtaxed digestive organs shall have got through their business, and will suffer him to decide how he will live away the evening?

Again: if you have five miles to go to business every day, is it not much more pleasant (and how much more healthful!) to take the omnibus one way, and walk the other, than ride both ways, as those men so often do to whom shillings and sixpences are unimportant objects? Besides, you can occasionally walk both ways, and thus afford to buy yourself a new pamphlet, or the baby a new toy.

Then there is the pleasure of making presents, which, I take it, no rich person can enjoy *properly*. Of course a rich man or woman can give away, if he or she be disposed to give; but they are not obliged to *do without* something themselves, that they may enjoy the pleasure of giving to a friend. Now, this pleasure of *doing without* is no chimerical one; and I firmly believe that, harsh and unpleasant as the practice of self-denial may seem at first, there is no virtue which, when we are accustomed to it, brings such ample and immediate returns of pleasure. Let us take a very trifling case. Which enjoys the pleasure of giving in the highest degree—the young millionaire, who lounges into a jeweller's shop, and orders half-a-dozen rings and chains



of the newest fashion to be sent as a present to his affianced bride: or the young clerk who, having heard his lady-love say she 'should so like a certain locket, in a certain shop, in a certain street,' goes off to countermand the dashing new waistcoat he ordered yesterday, and runs thence to the locket shop, and purchases the identical locket which his mistress has set her heart upon? Which enjoys the pleasure of giving most? And if we think of the result of the two presents, we shall feel that the one damsel will probably forget the giver in the multiplicity and richness of the gifts, if she be not too much accustomed to such things, and do not put them aside in her casket, to be worn when wanted; while it is ten to one that the other damsel required the locket for the sole purpose of putting into it a lock of her dear Edward or Henry's hair, which is put into it before his eyes, and, suspended by a ribbon, is placed next the heart of the happy girl, to be worn there day and night. The pleasure of a holiday or a treat is one of the pleasures of poverty. The life of the rich man is all holiday, *tant pis pour lui*; but the poor man, to whom a holiday comes once in six months or so, knows what a depth of enjoyment lurks in the word *holiday-making*.

The pleasures of contriving, and managing, and making old things look 'maist as weel' as the new, are by no means contemptible. Then that one great pleasure, which sheds its azure light over a man's whole life—the pleasure of hope that something good will turn up for him; that, if he keep on steadily and actively in a right path, he must succeed, and learn at last what are the joys of competence. This pleasure of hope is perhaps the pleasantest, as it is assuredly the best grounded, of all the pleasures of poverty. I will say no more on the subject, feeling convinced that enough has been said to suggest much more to the reader who is acquainted with it by experience; and to establish this fact in the minds of those who are not, that there is some reason, some very good sense, in these words—'The pleasures of poverty.'

#### THE WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

[The following vivacious piece, dashed off in the earnest hearty style of the poets of Fatherland, is extracted from one of the most brilliant of the 'books of the season.'\* 'The Pictorial Gift-Book,' a full-sized quarto, with splendidly illuminated cover and frontispiece, numerous engravings, and plenty of poetry, wants nothing to recommend itself to the givers and receivers of New-Year's presents.]

THE little town of Weinsberg  
Is built upon a hill—  
And the ladies there are famed for  
Sagacity and skill:  
If e'er I go a-wooing,  
Whatever may befall,  
The little town of Weinsberg  
Shall furnish me a bride.

The mighty Kaiser Conrad,  
By fancied wrongs enraged,  
Together drew his forces,  
And war against it waged.  
By say and escalating  
He struggled to prevail—  
But its bulwarks were of granite,  
Its burghers cased in mail!

Three times the veteran warriors  
Redoubled the attack,  
And thrice the stalwart burghers  
The imperial host beat back;  
But fell disease and famine  
The patriots did assail—  
The civic guards of Weinsberg  
Could scarce support their mail!

Repulsed, and chafed to frenzy,  
Dishonoured, one and all,  
The despot sent a herald  
Beneath the leagured wall:

'Ye base rebellious varlets,  
Lay down your arms to me,  
Or every boor shall dangle  
Upon the nearest tree!'

A panic spread like wildfire  
Through street, and square, and lane,  
And frantic words were uttered,  
Both pious and profane:  
'By famine or the halter,  
Alas, we must expire!  
I feel the noose already!'—  
Exclaimed a famished friar.

With wild vociferation  
A shrivelled landlord cried,  
'My larders all are empty,  
And cannot be supplied!'  
'We're lost!' cried Hans the baker;  
'Undone!' rejoined a priest;  
And grim old Karl, the blacksmith,  
He smote his withered breast!

The Iris spans the valley  
When clouds obscure the sky,  
And winter nights are darkest  
When dawn is drawing nigh;  
When lordly man's confounded,  
Distracted, and distressed,  
A balm is oft discovered  
In woman's gentle breast.

Close to the hour of midnight,  
An embassy of wives  
Hied to the foe's encampment  
At hazard of their lives—  
Led on by Madame Lobson,  
Whose bright dishevelled hair  
Streamed o'er her milk-white shoulders—  
A picture of despair!

She sought the chief's pavilion,  
And humbly on her knee  
The lovely suppliant bended,  
And prayed for clemency!  
Ah! vehemently she pleaded,  
And copiously she wept;  
But still the ruthless monarch  
His fatal purpose kept.

'Go! tell that horde of traitors—  
Audacious base-born thralls—  
I'll hang them high as Haman,  
When once I scale their walls:  
I wage no war on women,  
Be high or low their birth;  
You're free!—So bring such treasure  
As you can carry forth.'

The morning dawned serenely,  
The birds were all in song,  
When from the portals issued  
A helpless female throng:  
Each to the distant mountains  
Pursued her devious track,  
With terror in her bosom,  
Her husband on her back!

Reputed courtiers,  
They sickened at the sight;  
But Conrad from his tent-door  
Beheld it with delight!  
'Ha! bravo!' cried the Kaiser—  
And rubbed his hands with glee;  
'I question if the empress  
Would do as much for me.'

From turret, spire, and steeple,  
The civic banners streamed;  
A pardon has been granted,  
An amnesty proclaimed!  
A sumptuous entertainment  
The almoner provides;  
And Conrad at the table  
In regal state presides!

Ah! how the vands vanished,  
Like snow-flakes in the Rhine;  
The burghers were enraptured  
With loyalty and wine!  
They snapped their skinny fingers,  
They toasted and they drank,  
Without regard to talent,  
Or precedence, or rank!

'What ho! ye mopping minstrels,  
Strike up a lively air!'—  
And Conrad in a twinkling  
Sprung from his regal chair,

\* The Pictorial Gift-Book of Lays and Lithographs. The Poetry by David Vedder, C.M.A.S.E. Menzies, Edinburgh; Orr, London. 1848.

He danced with all the females  
Who filled these spacious rooms—  
Alike with rank and beauty,  
And her who gathers brooms!

The little town of Weinsberg  
Is built upon a hill—  
The ladies there are famed for  
Sagacity and skill:  
If e'er I go a-wooing,  
Whatever may betide,  
The little town of Weinsberg  
Shall furnish me a bride!

#### IRON CARRIAGES.

THE tendency of the last few years to substitute iron for wood has been shown in ships, ploughs, and other machines. It has even been attempted in houses; but here, we believe, without that success which is shown in extensive use or practice. A gentleman of the north of Scotland is now experimenting, with good ground of hope, on the introduction of iron carriages. He proposes that the bodies of such vehicles should be formed entirely of an iron frame, the panels of plates of galvanised iron, and the axles of iron tubes filled with wood; the wheels to have for spokes double rods pyramidally arranged, or on what is called the suspension principle. The advantages proposed are—first, a lightness as about two to three; second, a saving of cost in about the same proportion. Thus, a pony-carriage, which, of the usual materials, would weigh five hundredweight, is only about three when constructed of iron; an omnibus, which, of the ordinary construction, would be twenty to twenty-four hundredweight, can be formed of iron at about eleven. The same in respect of external decorations and internal comforts. A carriage of this kind effects an important saving in the motive power. If successful as an invention, it must be of no small importance to humanity, both in sparing the muscles of individual horses, and allowing of a greater share of the fruits of the earth being turned to the use of human beings. For use in tropical countries, there is a further advantage in the non-liability to cracking and shrinking, and the unsuitableness of an iron frame for becoming a nest of noxious insects. Apart from the mere substitution of one material for another, which is the leading feature of the invention, much is claimed for it on the ground of the superior springs employed in these carriages. They are spiral, and vertically arranged, working in a case, with an apparatus which precludes their falling from the perpendicular.

We have seen one of Mr Aitken's carriages, and taken a drive in another, without being able to detect any point in which they are likely to prove a failure. Their success, however, must be matter for larger experiment, requiring time for a satisfactory issue.

#### INDIAN ARROW-POISON.

Snake-like in form, the *Urari*, or Indian arrow-poison, winds itself around and among the huge trees, fantastically shaped, that spring from the deep fissures in the mountain rock, and often reaches to a height of forty feet before it divides into branches, which are densely covered with a rust-coloured hair. The poisonous principle resides chiefly in the bark of the plant, which is stripped off, steeped in water for a certain time, simmered, and evaporated to the thickness of a sirup. It is then fit for use. 'As much as I had heard of the fatal poison,' says Professor Schomburgk, 'I nevertheless cannot abstain from noting the astonishment by which I was seized on seeing it used for the first time. While travelling, a deer was discovered browsing in the high grass before us. One of the Indians took a poisoned spike, and fixed it to his arrow. Cautionally he stole upon the unsuspecting deer, and shot the arrow into its neck; it made a jump in the air, fled with the speed of the wind before us, but had scarcely run forty yards, when it fell to the ground and expired.' It will kill the strongest bull in four or five minutes; and lizards and rats wounded with it die immediately. It may appear strange that this poison may be taken into the stomach with impunity. The writer relates that, when suffering from ague, and happening to be without quinine, he took frequently the urari in doses of 'about as much as I could get on the point of a knife.' The stomach, in fact, digests the poison, and thereby alters its properties before it reaches the blood. It is also well known that the flesh of animals killed with the urari is quite innocent for the same reason.

#### THE WORLD WAS MADE FOR ALL.

In looking at our age, I am struck immediately with one commanding characteristic; and that is, the tendency of all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unconfined. All goods, advantages, helps, are more open to all. The privileged petted individual is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. The multitude is rising from the dust. Once we heard of the few, now of the many; once of the prerogatives of a part, now of the rights of all. We are looking, as never before, through the disguises, envelopments of ranks and classes, to the common nature which is below them; and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, insalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently, but surely. Not that the worth of the human being is at all understood as it should be; but the truth is glimmering through the darkness. A faint consciousness of it has seized on the public mind. Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dreams of a better condition, for which they were designed. The grand doctrine, that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man; this is slowly taking its place, as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that no human being shall perish, but through his own fault; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all—these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of this is coming forth in all the departments of life.—*Dr Channing.*

#### ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.

John Russell, a plain gentleman residing near Bridport, county of Dorset, obtained a favourable introduction to court by a piece of good fortune. The Archduke Philip of Austria, having encountered a violent hurricane in his passage from Flanders to Spain, was driven into Weymouth, where he landed, and was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a gentleman of the neighbourhood. Sir Thomas Trenchard apprised the court of the circumstance, and in the interim, while waiting for instructions what course to follow, he invited his cousin, Mr Russell, to wait upon the prince. Mr Russell proved so agreeable a companion, that the archduke desired him to accompany him to Windsor. He was there presented to the king, Henry VII., who likewise was so well pleased with Mr Russell, that he retained him as one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber. Being subsequently a companion of the prince, he so far ingratiated himself into young Tudor's favour, that he got elevated to the peerage, under the title of Baron Russell of Cheyneys. In the next year, 1540, when the church lands were seized, Henry gave his favourite the Abbey of Tavistock, with the extensive possessions belonging thereto. In the next reign, Russell's star being still in the ascendant, young Edward, not sixteen, gave him the monastery of Woburn. In Charles II.'s time, William, the fifth earl, was made Duke of Bedford.—*From The Right of the Aristocracy to the Soil Considered.*

#### JEALOUSY.

Jealousy violates contracts; dissolves society; breaks wedlock; betrays friends and neighbours; nobody is good; and every one is either doing or designing a mischief. Its rise is guilt or ill-nature, and by reflection it thinks its own fault to be other men's; as he that is overrun with the jaundice takes others to be yellow.—*Stray Thoughts.*

#### A SCOTCHMAN'S DESTINY.

I was born a Scotchman, and a bare one, and was therefore born to fight my way with my left hand when my right failed me, and with my teeth if both were cut off.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 38 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. & O. 147 Strand, London; and J. McGLASSAY, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.